

MY MÉMS.

"Thy will
Saviour! Those
Haughty and
In self-dependence
Presuming hard
Faith, looking on the
Dark faults, sore

Be done." planc19

willst-me poor,-
rich am I;
rich,
and high:
coming years doth see
failures, let to humble me.
Thy will be done!

A mourner
And holy
Oft have Thy
To brim me
Too soon they fail,
Then will I seek take it
Till weeping fair I

must I be:
messengers
presence left
blessed tears:
And sin's hot-breath sweep by:
spot, & shew it me
turn to hide in Thee:
Thy will be done!

promulg

"Thy will be done."

Saviour! Thou willst me poor.-
Haughty and rich am I;
I see dependence, rich,
Presuming, hard, and high:-
Faith, looking on the coming years, doth see
Dark faults, sore failures let to humble me.-

Thy will be done!

A mourner must I be:
And holy messengers
Oft have Thy presence left
To bring me blessed tears.
Too soon they fail and
Then will Thou take the
Till weeping, fair I
Thy will be done!

poem19

much wouldst thou have thy child.
How little can I bear!
How seldom wait for thee
Quiet within thy care!
Though through provoking, teach me to endure;
Bid errors make me of myself less sure:
Thy will be done!

A hungry, thirsty one
Must thy disciple be;
And I so full, from fat
On thy gifts leaving thee!
But thou wilt teach me want, or take away
All lesser good, till
Thy will be done!

Merciful as Thou art! -

O how hard judgments rise!
O this censorious tongue,
wil-discerning eyes! -

Yet this sweet mercy will my King impart,
If by no other way, even through the smart
Of pity withheld in my extremities:

Thy will be done!

Pure e'en in Thy pure eyes!

Somgle and free from guile;
O when shall these vain thoughts
Pure-rising, meet Thy smile?

E'en this tho' Christ is mine; tho' it should be
That first, through purging fires, I go with me.^{it}
Thy will be done!

Ruled by the Prince of Peace!
How far from this my state.
Oft striving for my own,
Reacting harsh, irate?
No peace is found in me, but Thine will come
And make this chafing bosom Thy sweet home.
Thy will be done!

Thus I abide His time,
For hath the King not sworn
That all these shall be mine,
And will not He perform?
If under ways shall serve, such will Thou use,
But smite, if need be, I would not refuse.
Thy will be done!

I.

Worthy of later days, Rebecca, thou!
 Of mind, thou dost anticipate the march
 And yet mayst reckon followers in
 With well-pleased acquiescence dost thou
 And, climbing to an equal height
 That Wisdom wise, whose depths
 Nay, thou wouldest fain thyself
 Of God's high Providence: and yet
 Arranging circumstance with
 As tho' the end discerned, the
 Were all included in thy
 But one desire, His counsel
 Not thus His will is done: They serve His best
 Who wait His motions - in His working, rest!

II. (The Virgin Mary.)

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ptcmc19

A Parable.

A father, who his sons would send
To goal remote for weighty end,
First call'd, & bound on each the load
Whose conduct safe upon the road
Was their chief care: on each that share
His strength just fitted him to bear.

At first scarce noting that they bore,
Anon the burden presses sore
Upon the weaker of the two.

The father, wise, had, out of view
Bound on their backs the load;

Now he
Doth bring it round, its bulk to see,
Then in his hands doth poise, & sigh,
And to his comrade dolorous cry,

P8 cmc19

My brother, do but feel the weight,
How walk sustaining such a freight,
Nay, brother, let me ease on thee
But one end of my pack, some
May go with equal pace.-

Agreed.

But ever tardier proves thy speed,
Uneven steps, ill-balance of weight,
Doubles for each his former
Freight.-

Good brother couldst thou bear
The whole!

I know thee strong, a valiant soul,
And I so weak! full sweet it were
Thus onward in thy strength to ~~go~~^{it},
fare!

Promulg

Forgetting that he bears behind
The brother yields, ere long to find
A wisdom surer than his own
Had given a burden which alone
Was all his strength could well sustain:-

Nay, thou must take my pack again,
It is too much; & why shouldst thou
So free, whilst I twice burden'd know?
Whereat his brother plains & frets,
But still to take his load forgets.-
I thought thou lov'dst me; now

I know
Thy fondness but a treach'rous
show! -

Thus hearts divided, thenceforth
They

Proclamc 19

Fall out and strive upon
The way!

All other burdens men may
Share.

And brother, kind, for brother
Bear;

Death Self, must each soul
go alone! -

Nor for this isolation man
Nor pity thee, that none may know
Thy craving Self's peculiar woe:
Bear it an unregarded weight;
With foward steps, eyes

Meadfast, straight;
And lo! forgot, it disappears;

PIIOMC19

This burden that oppress'd thy
years!

Another, tenderer Goke is
laid,

Whose heaviness is all o'er-
paid

By the sweet sense of service
given;

Bearing, thou mor'st e'en
now, in heaven!

The Sloth

PIZCMC19

Sloth -

Whence is it that 'mongst all
The lusts that could enthrall
Yon Bible brotheries to so hapless fall,

Sloth shews not first,
Hell-frame accurst,
Where every pestilent root of ill is nurs'd?

Who slips, must erst have stood,
Have made his fortiold food,
Have risen & kept him up, ere fall he could:
But who lies prone,

Such toils unknown,
May comfort him, - Lazarus for him is there none,
Full sum of ill doing is, leaving undone:
Had saints of old been fain in sloth to sit,
The story of their days were not yet writ,

p13cm c19

"Increase our Faith"

A cord there is, wh. heaven doth use to bind
Two lives in one: with such considerate
care

In fixing each to each, that thus
They grow,
The two, one higher being: the
strength of each
So strengthen'd is; the beauty,
beautified;
While the thin places in each
character,
Pieced & sustain'd by strong
parts in the other,
So safely so endure the wear &
life.

p14cm c19

Of three bright differing strands
This cord is spun:

Two from a heavenly wheel are
Straight run out;
While from his substance man

The third doth fetch
Just as some spider draws
wherewith to make
Her web from her own body:
yet is this

A heavenly product like the other
twain,
But differing from them in
that from the first
Iwas lodged in man's bosom:
or less or more,

pl5omc19

According to the will that draws upon

This is his part to take & wind with those
In true strength invincible. Should he
fail,

Or draw with niggard or uncertain hand,
The other two, still running out to seek
Full measure of this third wherewith
to twine

Knotted & tangled grow, & fret the lives
With many a let & hindrance, they
had else

Bound in fair symmetry &
entire strength.

Inugt and Love and Trust,- of
these is spun-

pl6omc19

I That threefold cord, not to be
broken soon.

No bidding of the will may
common love,

And not of duly noted acts & words
Comes the perception of another being:
As little of ourselves are these as moods
Of gloom & gladness born of
Changes wrought
In the quick face of Nature.

Too much we think
To keep ourselves, the while
"our Author holds
Our spirits all responsive beneath
His touch."

p17cmc19

And plays upon them with His
winds & light
And subtle influences in the air,
And mystic sympathies with men &
things -

All in our eyes too light for passing thought -
Which yet do mould us into that we are.
But tho' our bliss or woe come not of us,
Receptive power is lodged in ev'ry breast,
All may reject or take, as this it is
That rules the differing pitch of human

lives:

Open thy being wide - it shall
be filled;
Suspicious, guard all inlets,
Sadly to prove

p18cmc19

The aching hunger of the proud
of heart.

According to thy faith, the
friend thou know'st;
According to thy faith, shall
^{thou} find & ^{indeed} prove thy God!

P19cmc19
"A Man of Sorrows"

O soul, & whence is this to thee,
Wouldst know if so great marvel,
That Jesus Christ sh^d condescend
To dwell thy close abiding Friend?

Ask not alone of gracious moods,
When peace a healing shadow brood,
And meekness, love & patience sit,
Disciples at those wounded feet.

If Christ doth truly dwell in thee,
Uneasy inmate will he be:
A heavy presence, sighing, sad,
Shall oft defy thee to make glad

With any joy that sense can bring;
In vain thou stirr'st thy heart to sing
As tho' no care oppress'd thy state;
A man of sorrows, he doth wait

Till there be moved to hear his ^{plaint},
Till there perceive it is thy taint,
The plague-spot of an alien heart,
That moves him to so sad apart!

And then—ah, when his grief made ^{thine}
When penitence, sharp grace divine,
Doth the corrupting spot alone
In tears, all his, and yet thine own,

Thy springing heart, a child again,
Forgetful all the former pain,
Is joined with the temper'd mirth
Of souls new-wash'd to their new birth.

p21cmci9

Peace -

I.

Small balm is leisure in these restless
days:

Rather we crave that ev'ry moment find
restless weariness of limbs + mind,
kind weariness that e'en unrest obeys!
Looh, how life on our tensee spirits weighs
In heavy pauses, for our case assign'd.
When needful occupation lays behind,
And choosing its own paths, the spirit
strays!

Achings & longing, quivering with unrest,
For wh. the moment fair in thaws cause & name
Friends trust us not enough, or care's
infest, or our own evil grieves, or wrongs inflame.
The cause is one: at issue still with
The soul seeks ease in cries - its peace
through strife!

p22cmci9

II

Peace and good will! glory
and peace! sweet peace!
A grateful cadence falls on
quiet soul
As liquid play of oar on
waters cool:

And life's long straining and
endeavour cease.

From turbulent desire comes
release.

And restless thought is under
perfect rule,

Pitting, meek scholar in the
Inaster's school,

In hope that to the meek
Shall scope increase.

He shall not strive, nor cry,
nor in the street,

For any due of his, shall lift

His voice:
But One among the Sons of men
is meet
For the mild glory of his praise:
rejoice

When cries are hush'd in thy stupor and
The King holds court within - Discretion!

I. p23cmc19

On a face-painted by
Guido - (best of fair treats)

A face to stir

The painfullest pulses of a common nature,
Even as one strangely, utterly degraded
Wakens the sleeping brother in the breast
Of chance beholder. In that lower face
All downward drawings triumph; to
purpose

Sure that mouth ne'er was set; for
food or ill;

No effort to lead life to any issue
Has left its firmer lines: too poor

A soul

To see the food, too low a will to
grasp -

The flesh a strong man arm'd
Has risen to rule!

p24cmc19

But carry up your gaze. - The
face is living! -
A life more obvious in its function,
Quick,

Thou bodied being knows: They
discerns

Transfixed with amaze, a
passing change;

You see her grow! - Her old self
passes forth

Still & unmark'd as dying
night steals out

Before the day; the face that
erst so pained

Eludes the eye that, wondering,
would recal;

What poor soul goes; and a
new life received
Grown through her eyes so
insatiate in their gaze
To th quicken her! And o'
with what-a power!
What depth of abnegation,
height of praise,
Reach of discerning thought;
adoring love,
What power to do or bear His
almost will
In suffering or in service, speak
those eyes!

II.The Bitter Part,

Once a little child, he pondered
with wide eyes on life's strange way,
Seeing nothing, learning, wondering;
full of marvels were those days.
Found he time for pain & gladness,
Error & goodness had their part;
Only Self had not obtained
yet the high place in his heart.

This we know, tho' 'mule the story,
This is true of us & him.—
Meet we see him stretch'd in
anguish, aching brow & tortured limb.
And the anguish all deserved,
From his own mouth Judg'd his case,
Thou defied & life despised, where
For mercy is there place?

Could we know His thoughts that
wrought him in those hours upon the tree,
Corse-like the day that gave his life
for sin & misery?

p27 cmc19

Circumstances strong against him,
pitied he his own fall?
Is all ordered in his favour,
does remorseful fear appal?

With the present awful anguish
dull'd his sense to all beside
From the terrors of the judgment-
would his cow'ring spirit hide?—
As a child again, he ponders
thoughts where Self has no concern;
Mid the agonies of dying, he
doth wonder, mark & learn!

Self is powerless to engage him
while that Other hangs near;
All his soul is lost in worship;
love discerning, swallows fear.
Not his own life, but that Other
passes him in swift review;
Such a Life & such a Dying! —
Can his kingship must-be true!

p28 cmc19

Then his own need comes before him—
‘In Thy kingdom think on me!’
In the kingdom of the child-like
has he shewn himself to be.
By no strange, sovereign act of
mercy does his Lord accept that prayer,
But according to His promise that
all child-like souls shall be there!

. p29emc19

Self-consciousness.

Alas! sweet-souls, ye fell! but
not so low,
Oh, not so low as we! Abashed
are ye
Where God was all, a separate
self to see;
And naked conscious souls
infamous go.

To hide yourselves for shame!
Your fall's worst woe—
Perpetual sense of I — inheritance:
Our child-souls quit their para-
dise to be
First in a fallen estate, that day
they know
Themselves for entities, with
passions, parts:
But, oh, the difference! ye who
In th' light ^{did} dwell
of God, see from what
height ye fell,

p30emc19

And sturn the recreant self
that filch'd your hearts!
No gracious shame in us: com-
-placent thought,
Or proud or pitiful, is ego
braught!

psalmci9

The ground is cursed & to
man's sake; thorns & thistles
it is to bring forth to him
in purpose that he may
not yield to that slavish
self-indulgent nature
into wh. he has fallen.

Serm. on the Deluge -
How is the appearance of the
rainbow, or the pledge wh. it -
is said to give, made dependent
upon any good or evil act of
of the creature who looks
upon it? And yet this is
called a covenant - ; it is
the first occasion on wh.

psalmci9

we meet with the phrase;
by the use of it here as, must
in a great measure determine
what is the use of it everywhere
else. - - A Being who is
the object of our trust, upon
whom we absolutely depend, is
not one whom we can ever
think of as trafficking
with us.

Abram.

p33cmc19

Book -

VII |

38 Arthur St.

H.V.D

came in

26

p34cmc19

Mrs. Blaemires - 22

W^r Saville - 14

Mr. Clegg 11

W^r Wilson: 8-

wood -
greenwood 19 bats

W^r Bunting 6 ~~8, 10~~

Mr. Reddough 6

W^r Hartung Dr. 16

18, W^r, Book -

29.

Mrs. Cook